Volume LXII CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908 Number 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IN NO STRANGE LAND

"The Kingdom of God is within you."

O world invisible, we view thee;
O world intangible, we touch thee;
O world unknowable, we know thee;
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drift of pinions, would we harken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

—*Francis Thompson.*

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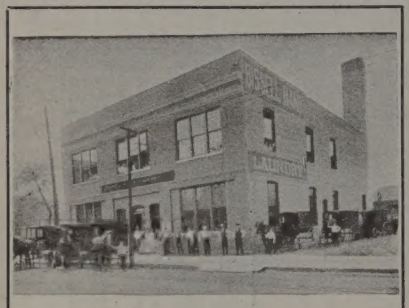

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908 NUMBER 3

Wales

O little country of my heart,
  Lying so far beyond the sea,
Far from my land of birth apart,
  And yet so near in thought to me!

Before I saw you with my eyes
  My spirit knew your valleys fair,
Watered by turf-brown streams that rise
  Upon your mountains wild and bare.

Your mountains beautiful and wild
  Where still the fairy people dwell,
While I was but a little child
  In mystic dreams I knew them well.

For of your race a banished part
  Pines like a prisoned bird in me,
O little country of my heart,
  Lying so far beyond the sea!

—*Mildred Howells, in Harper's Magazine.*

Old Age Pensions are a pressing problem in English politics. The *Review of Reviews* for September gives an interesting exposition of the situation of the movement at the present time. Let the United States look to its laurels lest the slow-going monarchy of Europe outspeed the smart new republic of America in wise legislation and progressive democracy.

The *Literary Digest* for September 5th presents some startling illustrations of the success of photo-telegraphy, a process which has been reduced to practical use. We are told that photographs are daily telegraphed between Paris and London. It takes twenty minutes to send a picture, and any lapse in the attention and diligence of the transmitter scars the face of the picture. Even here as in the pulpit the personality of the operator, the one who transmits the message, often mars if it does not spoil the communication.

The death of Rev. A. J. Canfield, which came unexpectedly at the home of a daughter in West Harwich, Massachusetts, on the 23rd of August last, will be noted with particular sorrow by many of our Chicago readers, where for several years he labored faithfully as the pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church. In his going hence the Universalists have lost one of their most effective pulpit orators and the cause of liberal religion a genial representative, a good and true man, committed to peace and to peaceful ways. Thus it is that the line is weakened and broken. Where are the new recruits who are to file in, fill up the gap and carry the banner forward?

A "New England Pastor," in the *Congregationalist* for September 5th, gives six columns to "a faithful transcript of actual experience" in studying his parish outside of his parishioners, and the result as given is very instructive. His conclusion may not be important; at least, others equally anxious to reach the truth might differ from him, but his method is to be commended. The true shepherd, of souls as of sheep, knows no limits save those of space; his field is a geographical rather than a theological one; the church of the neighborhood rather than the church of the creed is the church that finds its work inspiring and its leader inspired.

That is a happy suggestion of James T. McCleary in the September *Review of Reviews* concerning a fitting Lincoln memorial. He suggests, not a column, not an arch, not even a great building, but a great "Way," a "Lincoln Road," broad and fine, running straight from the capitol building at Washington to Gettysburg, a road broad enough to combine beauty with utility, a road shaded with great trees, dotted with significant monuments. The various states and societies from time to time will enrich the great avenue. Ample trolley lines on either side, a track for the swift-flying automobiles and one for the slow-going carriage, a foot-path, a bridle-path, with drinking fountains for man, bird, dog and horse. Surely, this would be a worthy memorial, a road to honor Lincoln the road-maker, the bridge-builder, the path-finder of the West, the surveyor of the Sangamon prairies. Perhaps this will be the first of many highways built under the direction and with the resources of the national government. Perhaps Chauncey Depew's dream will come true and before the end of another century the "Lincoln Road" will be extended from Gettysburg to Springfield, from Springfield to Omaha, Omaha to Denver, and then over the mountains to the Golden Gate. This would not be so great an undertaking for the United States of America in the twentieth century as the Chinese Wall was to the Orientals of the long, long ago. The Lincoln Farm should be made a shrine; the historic landmarks—the graves of Nancy Hanks, Thomas Lincoln and Dennis Hanks—should be protected, embellished and ennobled, and then let the Lincoln Road be started. It matters not much from what point it starts or which way it runs, for Lincoln's name and fame belong to every state and ennoble every acre of the republic. Let there be a "Lincoln Road" started by counties and states as well as by nations during 1909, in honor of the centennial of the great President.

Many of those who have enjoyed the writings of Mrs. Humphry Ward and have gloried in her progressive teachings will be pained, not to say surprised, at the way she has thrown the weight of her influence against woman suffrage. But in this position many noble men and women everywhere stand with her. It takes a good deal of spirit and prophetic courage to bring up all one's nature to the firing line of reform. This child of noble ancestry, a sprig of the real aristocracy of England, the aristocracy of culture and character, may be excused for halting in the presence of this last high leap of democracy, but we can hardly excuse a woman of her poise and culture for falling into the easy trap of the unwary traveler, of undertaking to interpret the life of a people and the movements of thought in a country with which she has had but a few months' intercourse. Doubtless during her recent flying trip to America she saw many things and met many men and women, but her opportunity of studying American life gave small warrant to her in pronouncing the woman suffrage movement a failure or declaring that there is a reaction. One might as well say that the Emancipation Proclamation was a failure because there still exist much unmeaning prejudice against the negro and many unjust laws on the statute books of many states. It is true many a popular election has gone againt suffrage enactments, but the great significant fact is that the question *did come to a vote* and that it was supported by an ever *increasing minority* of clear-headed as well as warm-hearted men and women. "Only a few, three or four, of the more thinly settled states of the Union are trying it!" says Mrs. Ward. Better say, "Already four states, and they the newer and more progressive, have crossed the Rubicon, and others are following hard after!" There is no Joshua, blinded by sex prejudice, who can command the sun to stand still that the work of hacking the suffragists to pieces may be continued. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, wise and noble as she is, is not able to properly "discern the signs of the times" on this question in America.

William F Vilas

"The Foremost Citizen of Wisconsin Is Dead!" Thus ran the display lines at the head of the news column of the daily papers only a few days ago.

William F. Vilas is more alive today in the state of Wisconsin than ever before. They who doubted are now convinced that he was the foremost citizen. This man in life won all the honors that Wisconsin could give to one whose political affiliations were with the minority. After filling many positions of trust in the state he wore the senatorial toga at Washington, was Postmaster General and Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's Cabinet, and when he was retired from politics he was the public-spirited citizen who went in for improvements. He was the tirelesss regent of the University of Wisconsin, his alma mater; he was a gentleman who enjoyed his books and appreciated the beautiful. During his life there were enemies who thought him too ambitious; there were neighbors who feared he was covetous; his wealth was in some quarters suspected of taint, for it is hard to amass two millions worth of property in one lifetime. Certainly to one on the outside it seems an impossibility on the old slow lines of ever rendering a *quid pro quo*.

But now that he is dead his will has revealed the depths of his patriotism, has justified his thrift and has glorified his fortune, the whole of which is consecrated to the service of the school he so conspicuously honored and the state he served.

After providing for the needs of wife and daughter as long as they live, the whole of his fortune is to be set apart and set at work until it reaches the high total of thirty millions, after which it is to be given over to the University of Wisconsin. But even then the personality of William F. Vilas is to be potent. The disbursement of the same shows his high purpose and wise foresight. There is to be a great auditorium, with the complement of conference, committee, club and reading rooms, to bear the name of a beloved son—Henry Vilas; there is provision for special professors who are to be given freedom to do research work; there is provision for scholarships for worthy students, at least a given percentage of which is to be offered to students of African descent, if such applicants present themselves.

This last clause is perhaps the noblest in the noble will. Col. Vilas was by descent and by conviction always allied to the democratic party, but he led the Twenty-third Wisconsin Infantry in its high campaignings, and he remembered the black man in his will, because he was humanitarian enough to note the terrible handicap with which he still enters the race of life.

We do not know how long it will take two million dollars to bring forth its thirty-million brood. Probably not any longer than the twenty to thirty-five years which certain well-known eminent dead capitalists of Chicago recently tried to tie up their fortunes—but what an astounding difference! The great Chicago millionaires died clutching their money bags as if afraid the community might profit thereby. Lest the state and the high interests it represents might secure it, they hedged it round about in the interest of their own immediate relatives, every one of whom was already burdened, if not cursed, with more wealth than he could ever personally use. They seemed anxious to perpetuate the firm name and to prolong their dynasty on earth.

Senator Vilas, on the other hand, took his family into his confidence. The wife joined him in glad relinquishment of the wealth. When it could no longer be used or was not needed by his loved ones, their joint interests pass over with the money into the public service.

We hope that Senator Vilas's example will touch many lives and light up many wills that are now hid

away in a sordidness as dark as the safes that conceal them.

A student of wealth, himself a wealthy man, once said to the writer that "All men are selfish when they think of death. Wills are proverbially expressions of the smaller and narrower side of the man." This was the reason, our friend said, why we should get as much as possible out of men while they live.

We do not know how much justice there is in the remark of our friend; we fear too much. Certainly Senator Vilas has shown the sordid man, who is determined to pass on all that he has to his own kith and kin, refusing in the face of the great Leveler to recognize his wider kinship—the brotherhood of the spirit—and failing at the critical moment to see the better way.

Most men of wealth have already menaced the usefulness and happiness of their children by their overindulgence and debilitating luxuries; why should they increase their handicap at death by burying them under their gold, rendering thereby their funeral service doubly sad?

It is mean enough in a man to claim exclusive title of his accumulations while he is around to take care of them; it is intellectual stupidity and moral bluntness that give him a sense of unqualified possession and the right to use said possessions to promote his own selfish interests, for his family is his larger self. But it is still more despicable for him to try to perpetuate the unqualified claim to the material things that he has listed in his will regardless of the fact that he has been removed from his trusteeship; Nature has revoked his commission as steward. The larger claimants, the inheritors of the unearned increment in his fortune, have a standing in the probate courts of God, the office of the great Executor of the Universe.

We hope Senator Vilas's will will be studied as a contribution to morality, as a religious tract, by all UNITY readers and many more.

The Wanderer

Upon the mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell;
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of the ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say?
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day.

Strange, was it not! Far from its native deep,
One song it sang—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.

—*Eugene Field.*

The Gift of Silence

AN ADDRESS BY O. W. DYNES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, AUGUST 30, 1908.

The gift of speech signally distinguishes mankind from the lower animals, and it is to this natural endowment that we owe our elevation above savagery. The use of the voice was the first means of interchanging ideas. But for the facilities afforded by the voice, no other important means of communication would have developed. The evolution of man would have been arrested before it had passed the stage of barbarism, had the power of speech been left out of the divine plan. Perhaps humanity's richest blessing is found in the gift of speech; but human blessings are seldom unmixed—and this one is no exception.

In Æsop's Fables we are told of an exalted ancient arranging a dinner for an esteemed guest and ordering his servant to go forth into the market place, buy the best the market afforded and prepare it for the dinner. On coming to the table he found the servant had prepared a dinner of tongue. The soup, the meats, the sauces, the side dishes, the removes and the dessert were all of tongue. For this he reprimanded the servant, and received the explanation that to nothing in life could be attributed so much goodness as the tongue, by which God was glorified, and kind words of encouragement spoken to man. The master, distrustful of the servant's method of judging food, and still intent upon giving his guest a palatable dinner, ordered the servant to go forth on the next day and buy the worst thing the market afforded and prepare it for the dinner on that day, at which his guest would again be present. At the dinner on the second day he found the soup, the meats, the sauces, the side dishes, the removes and the dessert were all of tongue, and, upon wrathfully demanding an explanation, was told by the servant that the tongue was the worst as well as the best thing in life, and that from the same mouth proceeded the blessings and the cursings. The tongue that glorified God also reviled Him, and harsh expressions toward one's fellow-men came as frequently from it as did the kindly words of encouragement. This homely fable characterizes the gift of speech in general as a blessing that is not wholly unmixed.

It is the gift of silence and forbearance that removes the serpent fang from unbridled speech and so regulates it as to preserve its good and eliminate its evil.

George Eliot, speaking for her sex, said that half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

But it is not woman's tongue alone that is hung by the middle. Though man may not utter ill-advised speeches so readily, he more often regrets the speeches he does utter. For mankind in general, one might paraphrase Franklin's philosophy, and say: "We seldom repent of having spoken too little." It is the pitcher of silence that is most frequently broken, and the spilt milk of loquacity that most frequently causes the tears of regret. The loose tongue has called forth shafts of irony and epigrams of philosophy from the thinkers and writers of all ages.

Pope said: It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

From Montesquieu we have: Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers; the less men think, the more they talk.

Solon said: No fool can be silent at a feast.

Socrates observed: Nature has given us two ears,

two eyes, and but one tongue—to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

Plutarch told us: He can never speak well who knows not how to hold his peace.

Bovee remarked: Silence when nothing need be said is eloquence of expression.

Chesterfield said: Silence and reserve suggest latent power. What some men think has more effect than what others say. A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the great lessons of life.

Cato declared: I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He approaches nearest to God who knows how to be silent even though he is in the right.

Emerson clothes the same thought in this expression: What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that pause when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! They are the strong ones of earth who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and grief unto them, and who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation.

These sage observations and the replete proverbs that advise us to keep our own counsel, and on the value of silence in general, are not to be taken as arguments for a stolid taciturnity or mute lack of expression, but are to be considered in their bearing on a reasonable, charitable and tactful regulation of the tongue. Josh Billings took the position that he did not care how much a man said so long as he said it in few words.

I would not limit or render less efficacious that use of language which has trained our reason with scientific demonstration, our imagination with history and fiction, our morals with spiritual traditions, and our hearts with the tales of altruism and love. It is the well regulated speech that has ever lighted and guided the course of ethical advancement, as it is the intemperate speech that has blighted and diverted the better tendency. Loudness and verbosity characterize the small mind. It is the shallow brook that babbles. The great men of history, in ethics, art, literature, finance, and even in war, have been almost invariably men of a quiet and reserved personality. The loud self-assertive egotist has ever occupied the lower rungs of the ladder. Can you imagine Raphael or Michael Angelo as garrulous in praising their products? Can you conceive of Emerson or Tennyson crying for a hearing and delivering fulminations directed to self? Could Grant or Lee have attained their renown as generals with loudly advertised methods exchanged for their diplomatic conservatism? Every captain of finance who possesses a self-earned fortune has worked quietly for it; it is the second generation of wealth that is ostentatious.

Noise is usually interposed where there is a failing, a lack of courage or of efficaciousness. It is used to obtain by intimidation that which cannot be gained by might. The poorest warriors need the best martial music. Japan's soldiers march to battle equipped with intelligence and discipline, using no trumpet or band to give them their splendid courage. The Macedonian phalanx had no place or need for a fife and drum corps, and it was only when Alexander began to adopt the flamboyancy of the weak Asiatic rulers that his own decadence started. History affords comparisons between the schools of expression and the schools of repression. The rise of the Spartans during the period that their youths were taught laconic and sententious expressions is in significant contrast with the decadence that accompanied the meaningless interdictions and pettifogging of the sophists.

But apart from all these generalizations, the subject has a real vital present-day significance woven through our whole social fabric. More marked than were ever the distinctions of caste or class is the line that divides individuals into the two great classes, one of which is made up of the loud, self-assertive egotists, and the other of the tactful, charitable conservatives. On the one side lies selfishness, on the other altruism; on the one culture and refinement, on the other vulgarity and ill breeding. In our day, the best man of his class is never obtrusive. The chorus of clamor springs from submediocrity. The pedantic teacher, the verbose preacher, the shyster lawyer, the quack doctor, and the auctioneering huckster of commercialism all belong to the lowest and loudest stratum of their respective classes, and generically belong to the same class. The loud mouth is as clearly the badge of a low-grade intellect as it is the evidence of ill breeding. It is the characteristic of the egotist who conceits himself a fascinating conversationalist, a sagacious counsellor, a brilliant speaker, and a desirable companion. An egotist is never self-critical, though ever ready to analyze himself before an audience from sheer love of the subject. He is the Primer Bore, and in proportion to his garrulousness is he oblivious of his disagreeable shortcomings. You have known such men to travel half way across a continent to embrace an opportunity of making a public speech, and then spend weeks buttonholing and telling acquaintances, and even strangers, in private, how well the speech was received, and how highly it was complimented by discerning critics. They tell in a way, too, that does more credit to their imagination than to their veracity.

Another form of the loquacious bore is the gossip, who speaks most glibly when some criticism or cynicism can be voiced, and yet is silent when kindly praise should be sounded. She finds herself agreeably employed when with the thread of conversation she is embroidering the scarlet letter on the bosom of some absent friend's reputation. Her busy tongue has little time for discussion of merits and virtues possessed by another. She is seldom any more reserved in her friendships than in her prattle. She is apt to have many intimate acquaintances, for it is one of the satires on our social system that a versatile gossip is an interesting though not a respected individual, and if her versatility is such that the mere mention of a name will draw from her a recital of the shortcomings of the person to whom the name belongs, of the blunders he has made, the failings that make him ridiculous, the scandals that gossips have connected with him, she is apt to have many listeners—particularly among those of her own class and kind. The world would surely be none the worse if such persons could be muzzled into silence, and the scope of legitimate, helpful criticism would not be narrowed. That woman is blessed with a rare nobility of mind who when she cannot praise forbears to speak. If her tongue has this double gift of charity and of silence, it gains for her numerous worthy friends in life, and wins for her a revered memory after death. On this same thought, an unknown poet, while musing on the possible history of a human skull, gave us these lines:

"Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke—
Yet gentle concord never broke,

This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity."

Another form of bore that ever lacks the muffler of silence is that know-it-all who is the self-constituted adviser at large of everybody. Usually he is a glib superficial talker, with as much and as little ability on one theme as another, and an unqualified readiness to lead discussion and render a positive opinion on each subject as it is broached. He will counsel you on your health, your society affairs, your family affairs, your business, your pleasures, your religion, and your politics, and would have you understand that each is a merely academic subject to his well-furnished mind. An anonymous satirist has called this type of individual "Dan'l Hanks," in a clever little Yankee dialect poem, one stanza of which I quote:

"Some fellers reckon, more or less,
Before they speak their mind,
And sometimes kalkerlate or guess,
But them ain't Dan'l's kind.
The Lord knows all things, great or small,
With doubt he's never vexed.
He in his wisdom knows it all,
And Dan'l Hanks comes next."

We are told that it takes three generations to breed a gentleman. It probably requires the same formula to endow a Dan'l Hanks with the gift of silence.

The complaining bore is another one whose too-ready utterance needlessly multiplies the annoyances of mankind. You must listen to interminable tales of how friends have wronged him, how his relations have mistreated him, of his mental worries, to minute descriptions of the diseases that have assailed him, and similar descriptions of those he fears are about to overtake him. He will burden you with every form of distress and surround you with his atmosphere of pessimism, despondency and melancholy.

There is another type in amusing contrast to this one: it is the ecstatic enthusiast who when she greets you misses anything you may say, through her own effervescent chatter. As long as her audience remains, breath and words never fail her. She is not a lonely creature, but apt to move in droves, and in the company of her kind conducts simultaneously with each other one an independent monologue, directing her words at the rest without hearing or being disconcerted by the conversational compositæ emanating from the effusive mass. It is difficult to say whether she is made expressly for society small talk, or society small talk is made expressly for her.

Somewhat different from all of these is the one-idea bore—the man who makes a hobby of some one subject, and who takes himself very seriously. He can and will talk without much interest and without any limit on the particular theme that has possession of him. His one idea may be religion, it may be card-play, it may be money-making, it may be fishing, it may be athletics, it may be art, it may be baseball, it may be horses, it may be dieting, it may be eating—it may be almost any one idea, but not more than one. He is lost if he wanders off his subject.

To treat the tiresome eccentricities of all the different one-idea talkers that one comes in contact with would be more than the work of a lifetime; for you meet them in the street car, on the sidewalk, while you are attending to business, while you are giving time to pleasures, and even when you are seated alone in a restaurant for lunch one is apt to stalk in and sit down beside you or across the table. You cannot look so forbidding but that he will open conversation with you. Possibly his one idea will be about eating, and if you happen to be a grouch with a deranged digestion, your nerves will have a thorough trying out, for he must tell you all about what he likes to eat, and how well he likes to eat it. He will describe French dressings, German gravies, Spanish stews, English mutton chops, India spices, and the long list of meats, wines, vegetables and viands that are crowding themselves on his thoughts. Perhaps when he is dilating on the gastronomic delights of pork jowl and spinach, his words and appearance may stir your sense of the congruous and the eternal fitness of things.

If one were to follow to its end the melancholy task of cataloguing and characterizing the multitude of prolix and pusillanimous prattlers, he might find it a mirror, in some corner of which self would be reflected as others see him or hear him. So it may be more agreeable to stop while we are still sure it all refers to the other fellow.

Speaking solely of our neighbors and without reference to ourselves, we can all agree that the gift of judicious silence would often prevent their injuring others and their making themselves ridiculous.

It is to prevent their injuring others that governments are instituted among men—that laws, political and ethical, are decreed. When people in general have learned to subdue the very prevalent passion for inane, useless and vicious utterances, they will constitute a peaceful, kindly and noble race. Moreover, they will have gained intellectually as well as morally, for silence is the twin sister of reflection, and is evidence of rational conservatism, sober thoughtfulness, careful consideration and sagacious deliberation; from those possessed of such mental qualities you may confidently expect just and kindly treatment and philosophic toleration of human failings. The one who in a conversation is a willing listener is usually a logical thinker, and when he does speak, his words are freighted with intelligence and free from aspersions.

When your nobler instincts are stirred, when your finer sensibilities are awakened, it is your soul, not your voice, that is exercised. The first view of Niagara's grandeur stills the tongue. As you walk through the majestic cathedral, your hushed voice and muffled tread are your compliment to the art and the artist. When you stand in the solemn chamber where the summons of death has called away one you dearly loved, your grief is without words; your ineffable sorrow is betokened by silence—silence accepted by a sob.

The great cosmic work of nature is unheard; the planets swing through their stupendous evolutions without a sound. If the morning stars ever sang together in the heavens, it was music too ethereal to wake the mortal ear. Peace and oblivion enshroud the myriads of years that lie outside the poor candle-light of history.

When we are finally mustered out of the turmoil of this life, we pass through the gateway of silence into the eternal mystery from whence no voice calls back.

The Song Maker

I made a hundred little songs
That told the joy and pain of love,
And sang them blithely, tho' I knew
No whit thereof.

I was a weaver deaf and blind;
A miracle was wrought for me.
But I have lost my skill to weave
Since I can see.

For while I sang—ah, swift and strange!
Love passed and smote me on the brow;
And I who made so many songs,
Am silent now.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

The Opportunity of the Young Graduate

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1908, LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY, BY HENRY VAN DYKE, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, MAY 27, 1908.

I am to speak to you today upon a subject of great interest: the Young Graduate of the American College and the opportunity which is offered to him in American Life.

First of all, we must think for a moment how many of these young graduates there are, and how much it costs to produce them, and what they signify in the life of our great democracy.

I have taken the figures of the last accessible report, published in 1906; and from these it is safe to say that there are six hundred and twenty-five universities, colleges and technical schools in the United States, representing an investment of five hundred and fifty million dollars. They employ twenty-five thousand professors and instructors in the education of two hundred and seventy thousand young men and women. And they present in the nation every year between twenty and thirty thousand young graduates of various shapes and sizes, labelled with different degrees, and presumably filled with sundry kinds of knowledge.

Now this is an immense industry. It arrests our attention; it commands our interest; it compels our thought. Surely there is nothing more wonderful in the history of our wonderful country than this; that in the brief space of practically little more than a hundred years a new nation, taking possession of a wilderness, should have developed such a large and costly enthusiasm for the higher education, and should have embodied that enthusiasm in such a vast system for the supply of improved intellectual tools and instruments and workmen. Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, in his great book on the American Commonwealth, rightly said that this is the most interesting and the most encouraging thing in the history of our country.

But the real interest, my heart tells me, is far deeper and wider than these figures represent. Think for a moment of the human affections and aspirations, hopes and fears, toils and sacrifices, which are woven into this visible fabric of the higher education. Think of the thousands of men and women who willingly consecrate themselves to the difficult and noble and unremunerative work of teaching because they love it, because their hearts' desire is to give light to the minds of the young.

Teaching is the worst paid business in the world. But it is the best rewarded vocation. The teacher's prize is the soul that he enriches. "What do you consider your greatest achievement?" said a friend to the famous naturalist Agassiz. He answered instantly, "the training of three men." Sir Humphrey Davy was asked which of his discoveries he ranked highest. "Michael Faraday," he replied. The great Republic has had no better servants than the self-sacrificing teachers who have devoted their lives to the discovery and development of that which is finest and brightest in the young manhood and womanhood of our country.

Think also of the hundreds and thousands of human homes in which men and women are toiling and praying and giving of their best and denying themselves in order that their children may have the higher education. Think of the laborious lives that are spent, the narrow means that are husbanded, the numberless hardships and trials that are endured in order that some promising boy, some bright girl may go to college. We talk of the higher education as a luxury of the rich. We take up the foolish sneer that our universities have become noisy clubs for gilded youths. It is not true. The gilded youths are only the fly-specks on the picture. The vast majority of our American college students still come from homes of honorable proverty and honest toil. They represent the unselfish love and the divine desire of fathers and mothers who deny themselves in order to give their children the best.

Think also of the young men and women who are gathered in these institutions of learning. They are full of the joy of life, which often blossoms into quaint exuberances of speech and song, and sometimes explodes with more or less violence and noise. The newspapers, which are inclined to dwell upon the circus side of life, make a great deal of these eccentricities and ebullitions and tend to foster an impression that the American College is a combination of a play-house, a rough-house and a mad-house. But all these things are superficial. The deeper life, the essential life of our colleges and universities is throbbing with fine and vital hopes; earnest and virile ambitions animate it; beautiful dreams pour upon it.

"The light that never was on sea or land;" and high ideals beckon it onward with glorious promises of achievement and reward. Its work is not done sadly,—not even solemnly and gravely,—but it is done with the courage and the aspiration of youth, and with a hidden hunger and thirst for the reality of success, which the academic theorist, the doctrinaire professor or president, does not always recognize because he is not human enough. Here are the young men who cherish the immortal hope of accomplishing something that the world will not willingly forget; the young women who long to reach the height of a richer and nobler womanhood; the germinal lives into which the spark of a divine unrest has fallen, kindling the desire to be and to do something better than the dull average of existence.

To work with and for such young lives at the time of their awakening is a fine vocation. To speak to them, to bring them a message of hope, of cheer, perhaps of guidance is a great privilege and responsibility. This is the privilege that you have given me today. I would fain meet the responsibility in the spirit of one who loves and honors the hopes of generous youth, of one who believes that education is the safest investment of a great democracy, of one who maintains the best product of our colleges and universities is not impotent learning nor arid intellectuality, but finer, broader, more efficient manhood and womanhood.

It is in this spirit that I wish to say a few words to you about *The Opportunity of the Young Graduate.* How shall we conceive and measure it? How shall we put it before ourselves in such a way that it shall be real and inspiring, truthful and tonic? How shall we state it without the illusions of rhetoric, and yet with all the power of encouragement and noble cheer which belongs to it?

Let me try to put it into a sentence. *The opportunity of the young graduate is not as large as it looks, but far larger than it feels.*

You look from the serene academic heights across the shimmering "hot air" of commencement oratory, and the world seems to lie at your feet, waiting for you to lead and rule and enjoy it. You are the coming men and the coming women, the elect intellectual aristocracy, the predestined makers and masters of the twentieth century, for whom the world has been waiting. You are much needed and eagerly desired, so

your orators tell you, and all you have to do is to step to the front and assume the crown of leadership.

But when you really get out into the world, these illusions vanish, and you feel the marble check of a frosty reality. The world is very busy, very indifferent to your appearance, quite ignorant of your surpassing excellence. All the roads are crowded, and instead of stepping to the front with the flag, you are lucky if you get a chance to bring up the rear with the waterbucket. Every business, every profession, seems to have its full quota of men and its annex of women. You feel, as young graduates, that so far from being waited for, you are the ones who have got to do the waiting. And you are sometimes tempted to doubt whether the world has any use for you, any place for you at all.

This also is an illusion. I give you the plain facts. Your opportunity is not so large as it looks on Commencement Day. But it is immensely larger than it feels six months after graduation.

The world needs, and wants, and will welcome every one of you young graduates; it will give you something to do, and reward you abundantly for doing it, provided you bring with you from your student-life these four things.

I. The power to perform some particular task, large or small, intelligently, thoroughly, and completely.

II. The wisdom to feel the relation of your particular task to the whole work and progress of the world.

III. The willingness to do more than the strict letter of the contract requires of you, because you love and honor your work.

IV. The spirit of brotherhood which will enable you to live and work in democratic friendship with your fellowmen.

These four things are the best results of the higher education. If you have gotten them you are the kind of young graduates that the world wants. Let me take the points up in order and dwell for a single moment upon each of them.

I. No education is worth anything unless it teaches thoroughness, genuineness, intellectual sincerity. To know the difference between a fact and a fancy, an illusion and a reality, a superstition and a variety, a half-lie and a whole truth, is the first object of study. And the learning of this lesson depends less upon the subjects that are taught than upon the way in which they are studied. You may learn it from language, which teaches you to observe the real meaning of words. You may learn it from mathematics, which teaches you that figures never lie, though liars often use them. You may learn it from history which tells you what has really helped the human race in its upward struggle. You may learn it from science which reveals the laws of nature and the structure of this world in which we live.

But in order to learn this first lesson, one thing is needful: strict, hard, attentive, thorough work. Let us have all kinds of colleges and courses, classical, literary, philosophical, scientific. But let us not tolerate in any of them hasty, superficial, skin-deep work. An easy, smooth, soporific course of any kind, (what the students call "a soft-snap," because those who take it may be like the lilies of the field "which toil not neither do they spin,") is a shame to the university, an injury to the student, and a fraud on the public.

Choose your course, then, according to your inclination. But choose it not because you think it will be short or soft. Choose because it will be hard, and real, and worth mastering,—because it will strengthen the backbone of your will and develop the muscles of your mind. Translate your bit of Latin, study your period of history, analyze your chemical compound, measure your current of electricity, compute the breaking-stress of your bar of steel, investigate the productive power of your acre of earth; do what you like, but do it really, with all your energy and all your intellect. For so you win the power, when you go out into the world, to take up the task that is given to you, large or small, and carry it through to perfection, a finished, thorough, honest piece of work.

II. But this very power to do a particular thing will expose you to a certain danger. The danger of narrowness; the danger of losing your human personality in your specific task and thinking that what you do is the only thing or the chief thing in the world. The man who knows only how to make the head of a pin,—not even the whole pin,—is useful in the factory, but as a citizen of the world he is imperfect and dangerous. Poor, he becomes a prey to the demagogue and the revolutionist. Rich, he becomes a pin-headed tyrant.

Knowledge is specific, wisdom is general, education is not complete unless it gives us a deep and broad sense of the relation of our own specialty, our own task, to the great world of human thought and feeling. This is culture. I know of no other way to acquire it save through the study of the best that has been thought and said in the world,—the study of literature and history and philosophy.

I plead for the maintenance in our universities of the broadening courses in the liberal arts. I claim that the man of science, the man of affairs, the merchant, the engineer, the agriculturist, will be gainers by the study of the humanities. I assert that the best cobbler is the man who can go beyond his last; and the best chemist is the man who knows something outside of his laboratory; and the best preacher is the man who can see beyond his pulpit; and the best doctor is the man like Osler or Thomson who knows something of philosophy; and the best statesman is a man like Roosevelt who cares for history and poetry and the study of nature—human nature.

I say to you young graduates if you wish to succeed be thorough but do not be narrow. Open your minds, read, observe, sympathize. "Look not only on your own things but also on the things of others." The curse of our country today is the influence of narrow men, each of whom thinks that his own trade, or industry, or specialty, is the only thing, and tries to push it at the expense of everybody else. Let your work broaden you by always thinking of it as a part of the great effort of the human race to improve itself and the world, to

> "Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die."

III. There is plenty of room in the world today for the young graduates who are prepared to do particular tasks well in this broad spirit of wisdom. But the question which of them are going to get ahead fastest and succeed best depends on the possession of a third quality: *The willingness to do a little more than is required of them;* the cheerful voluntary spirit, which does not ask "How little can I do and get my pay," but says instead, "Let me do as much as I can and perfect my work." That marks the difference between the everlasting water carrier and the predestined leader. The white horse that carries a man to the head

of the procession is the will to do more than he needs to do. "If any man ask thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain." *The spirit of the extra mile* is the sign of success. It distinguishes the bond servant from the partner.

This, indeed, is something that cannot be put into the curriculum of studies. No university can make it a required or elected course and teach it to her students. But the university can inspire it by the personal influence of her teachers, by the spirit and atmosphere which they create. I would not have scholarship the only qualification for a place in the university faculty. I would ask for character, for moral force, for energy of spirit. I would say of such men as Mark Hopkins at Williams College, and James McCosh at Princeton, and Robert E. Lee, at Washington and Lee, that they themselves were the best lesson they ever taught, because they communicated to their students that vital spark which makes a man want to do his best, not merely for the pay, but chiefly for the sake of doing it. If you carry this quality with you, young graduates, you will find your opportunity waiting, and your road open before you.

IV. But one more thing you need to make your career happy as well as successful, and that is the spirit which works in kindness and brotherhood with other men. Surely that is one thing which our American colleges and universities ought to produce without fail,—the democratic spirit, the fraternal spirit. German university life is based upon the idea of bureaucracy; it is a separative and divisive intellectual training for various kinds of offical station. English university life is based upon the idea of aristocracy; at least in Oxford and Cambridge, it creates an atmosphere where social distinctions are emphasized while intellectual polish is conferred. American university life, in its broad, common features, in its unity and liberty and general simplicity, is based upon democracy; it aims at giving to the student body as much freedom and self-government as possible and maintaining for every one who enters it a full opportunity to prove his or her own worth, and stand or fall on the merits of personality and conduct. Long may this free and fraternal life of our American colleges continue. May they never be Germanized, or Anglicized, out of harmony with the genius and the traditions of the Republic. For it is just in this wholesome unity, this joyous democracy, this free and generous "give and take" of student-life that the young graduate may learn the spirit of true brotherhood.

You are not going out into the world to compel other people to let you think for them. That is intolerance. You are going out to ask other people to let you work with them. That is co-operation. Your real rival is not the other fellow. It is yourself,—yourself of yesterday, whom you must excel tomorrow. The music of life is not a solo, written for you, with an accompaniment. It is a symphony in which you are to play your part. The dominant chord is not war, but peace; not hate, but love; not strife, but work. Strike these notes—peace, love, work,—and the world will give you all the opportunity you need to develop and crown your manhood and womanhood.—*Reprint from the Alumnus, July, 1908.*

To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our soul—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—*Macterlinck.*

The Opportunity of the Farm*

My Dear Friend:

Your letter of July 3rd was received in due time and read with much interest. I wrote because I thought you were giving a needlessly discouraging statement. The remainder of the article expresses an understanding of contemporary living and practice, sees, too, the many difficulties, but in describing closed doors fails, I believe, to point to the most important way out. That way is by joining some one of the departments of skilled agriculture.

Farmers are no better than they ought to be. I have known honest farmers and plenty of dishonest ones. There are intelligent and successful ones, also the very poorest excuses. But the point is this, that the farm, if at all rightly managed, provides a living for a man and his family under conditions which give time also for study and recreation. No young man who desires to live unbossed by corporations, under bondage to no man, can take a surer way than by combining capital, labor and the forces of nature in his own person and property and becoming a farmer. The most intelligent man will make the best farmer and the one surest to get much more than a living out of the soil. The intelligent man may be a farmer, a doctor, a lawyer, a mechanic, a tradesman, a minister, a day laborer, just so he has energy and intelligence. He had best be a man who thinks for himself and chafes under detailed restraints. A large percentage of farmers are thinking men and they probably do much in their voting and may do more toward holding in control, for the benefit of all the people, any overreaching corporation.

I have seen in my brief experience a whole generation of farmers in South Dakota and northern Iowa become comparatively well-to-do. The other opportunities, however, for young men today are so great that the drift of the farmers' sons is strong toward the cities. I have known of such great numbers of people who have gradually grown into comfortable circumstances, and have seen such numbers of opportunities for the poorest boys about me, that I consider the statement one of fact, that the opportunities for young men and young women today are better than ever before for getting the most good out of life. In fact, in many cases golden opportunities have resulted in young men getting the money to get the most bad out of life.

Let us look a moment at the relation of a city to the world. Cities may be dying elsewhere, but here cities are constantly being born in the United States. Why, may I ask, when once certain people have chanced to establish a town or city, should they be expected forever afterwards to furnish a good living in that particular community to their own children and to all comers? That is what some socialists and laborites are demanding of the cities. Meanwhile young barbarians (practically) from the country, with fresh, eager energies, are constantly going into these cities and are surely taking places at the head of many of the city activities, in spite of the fact that the children of the city dwellers are already more than numerous enough to fill all places; or they turn their attention to establishing new communities in the country. Then

*The above private letter from a reader of UNITY to a friend is so full of suggestiveness that we take great pleasure in presenting it to our readers. To increase the proportion of the farming population to the whole is a difficult and for the present perhaps impossible task, but the desirability of this increase is obvious. The farmer supply cannot be overstocked. —Ed.

in these new communities they eventually become the foremost leaders.

Do you not recognize the farmers as the anarchists of the country, whether you define anarchist as being one without a leader or one without law? For farmers as such are unorganized and are commonly so self-contained as to seldom conflict with the laws of the country.

As an example of how little the farmer is considered as a political factor, look at the letter of Candidate Taft and see what a short paragraph is devoted to the farmer. He does not need it from the standpoint of the trouble he may create; yet he is far more important in numbers than the sum total of the laborites, skilled and unskilled, to whose needs the letter devotes columns. As a farmer he is without an organization, without a leader and in a way without law. But his decade-old conclusions from well digested thinking are worked out in the seats of power by his children. Thus chiefly is his influence felt.

The enticements of the city, provided by the dwellers therein at a given moment, attract very powerfully not only the rich but also very many in moderate circumstances. If these latter all choose to remain in the cities, they must pay the price by taking what income they can get and possibly oversupplying that particular market with their kind of help, and so they must frequently be the servants in one capacity or another of the long established rich man or possibly of some young success not long from the country, who is forging ahead under an oversupply of energy five or six times too large for one man.

On the other hand, you stand little chance of disastrously overstocking the supply of farmers (though you might of one department, such as wheat growers or corn growers), for the sufficient reason that people so situated get a large portion of the requirements of a living first hand from the farm, without requiring the labor of any other persons. To establish such conditions of life fortifies the family and eliminates many items of expense and many sources of weakness and injury to its members, and possible distress or destruction. The position is almost invulnerable, and it is highly commendable as being one where men neither hold or are held in dominion. For the most of the work on the farms is done by the owners and their families.

That the conditions of farm and country life should be made as attractive as possible for the benefit of the farmer goes without saying, and improvement in this direction is constant, as is also improvement in the productiveness of the intelligent farmer, which finally results in benefit to all the people.

Is there not a large element of nobility in the young men and women who can choose to be pioneers? It is like enlisting for the war; like taking in marriage "for better or for worse." It is a class of nobility, for instance, shown by Polly Ann and by David in Winston Churchill's "Crossing," and in the characters of "Driven Back to Eden." It is the sort of nobility displayed by the Pilgrims and by the winners of the American Revolutionary war. The latter won liberty, not for us but for themselves only. No one can win our liberty. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and he who does not pay the price does not get the thing to be purchased. I judge that the qualities required to venture a little apart from the crowds of the cities to the more quiet but in many respects far higher opportunities of the country and the farm are of the same kind —courage, grit, faith, hope, perseverance—as are required to enter the wilderness of a new continent or to fight a foreign foe for liberty. If, when stress comes, men refuse to exhibit those qualities, or those who see the benefits will not lead them into displaying such qualities, those sufferers are doomed to make their own conditions and those of others worse.

The challenge to a decision in this matter comes not to those in cities who find conditions to their liking, to the fathers who have won or the relatives and friends by them honored (duly or unduly); but it does come to those who find either one of two things not to their liking: (1) the conditions under which they live, or (2) the curtailment of their independence. To such the question comes, "How may I better myself?" One of the answers is, "Take to the land."

Now, as to who can or can not make a success in the country—that is, provide and insure to his family more abundant life. A multitude of people who are getting little out of life in the cities, people with all sorts of previous training, can. Men trained in every walk in life have done it. Some training is a little better than other; that is the only difference. See the sketch of J. Sterling Morton and his bride as farmers, both with college educations, given in *Collier's* of July 4, 1908. Also see "A Little Land and a Living," by Bolton Hall. This is a safe answer: "Every man and woman with intelligence and courage enough to choose the farm and the country will make it a success." To get a big income from farming may be impossible for many, but it is easy for thousands to get a good living and many desirable opportunities in numerous parts of this country. The big part of the story is told in naming a few accessories—a garden and a greater or less number of domestic animals.

There is an abundance of places in which to choose your farm. The South is now becoming attractive in Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Oklahoma; so is Canada and the cut-over regions of the bordering states. I have mailed you a clipping describing the Klamath region in California and Oregon, which needs people; it is merely a sample of a hundred irrigation projects, public and private, in the West. California needs a million families. It has little more population now than the city of Chicago; the surface has hardly been scratched out here compared with what it is already known can be done. Washington needs hundreds of thousands of families. I sent you a circular from the Kettle Falls Commercial Club; note specially the article entitled, "The City Man's Opportunity," on the last inside page. Some of the places mentioned are distant; a man could go almost anywhere in Indiana, Illinois or Iowa for his land; the price is higher per acre, but in many ways the land is worth more because more people are near at hand, more communities are organized and more facilities are in existence.

I believe it is a duty, a privilege, and a splendid opportunity to better one's self and become of more worth to others whenever a young man or a young couple find city conditions hard and threatening disaster to them, and no nearer opportunities open, to burn the bridges behind them and take to the country. It is a call to the higher life. Seek neighbors, telephone and rural mail service; look well to the sanitary conditions of the country home and to its conveniences. These can all be had in every locality to be generally recommended.

If this discussion is not convincing, since it is so long, I hope it will at least be interesting. I feel confident, however, that your later examination of the matters presented will establish the point.

Yours sincerely, * * *

———, Cal., August 17, 1908.

Labor Day 1908

This year Labor Day dawns in comparative peace. The fact that there are so few and inconsequential strikes and lockouts is partly due to the trade agreements which were so widely entered into in the spring. It is due in larger part perhaps to the precarious hold on employment during the long and sharp financial stringency and trade depression. In hard times both organized labor and its employers take account of stock, not only in the items which appear on their account books, but also in their relations with each other. More advantage might have been taken of the surplus of labor to reduce wages and increase hours. But the labor press has made little complaint on this score, while it has had, of course, few gains to report or demands to insist upon in these respects. The truce on the field of actual conflict, however, is being vigorously improved to strengthen the positions of both sides. Employers have very widely won the open shop, which in almost all instances has been yielded without the struggle which labor was in too disadvantageous a position to make with any prospect of success. The unions have taken advantage of the hard times appeal to recruit their membership, which prosperity always tends to decrease.

Meanwhile the struggle has been transferred by both employers and employes from the duel between each other to the field of political action. Never before in the history of American politics have there been such direct and determined efforts made both by organized labor and organized employers to shape the presidential platforms at the national party conventions. Their open and organized lobbies, their appearance in force with specific demands before the resolutions committees at Chicago and Denver were new and significant signs of the transference of the scene of action to the polls and to legislative chambers at the national capital and the state capitals. That the lines of battle are drawn to remain there, where it is more and more evident that the fight is to be fought out, is now more a fact of current history than a prediction. For both the American Federation of Labor and the National Manufacturers' Association deliberately and advisedly took their respective positions before the national conventions over the issue between them as to their rights before the law and at the hand of the courts.

Court decisions during the year, especially in the judicial use of the power of injunctions, have unquestionably gone against the interests, and even the future effectiveness, of organized labor, as seriously as is claimed by Mr. Gompers and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. The appeal to politics is not, from their point of view, any too soon, either to call for a halt in what they claim to be discrimination against labor organizations in judicial procedure, or to check the threatened inroad of socialism upon the ranks of the trade unions. For the socialist party and press have taken instant and vigorous advantage of the alleged disadvantage of labor before the law to discourage wage workers in trusting to anything less radical than the uncompromising class conflict to establish by law the co-operative commonwealth, with its common ownership of all the materials and tools of production. To their aid James Kier-Hardie has come from England to attempt to ally the trade unionists with the socialists here, in such a political labor party as he has long led in Parliament.

Mr. Gompers' endorsement of the democratic platform and candidate has been ratified with remarkable unanimity, not only by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, but by the membership vote in state and city federations and by national and local trade unions. So far there has been little or no significant dissent either in the labor press or in the official actions of unions. At some of the larger industrial centers, notably at Chicago, the ratification of Mr. Gompers' position has been taken with an enthusiastic unanimity, broken only by the protests and negative votes of the small socialist minority. Campaign committees have been appointed by central labor bodies at many industrial centers, large enough to cover every election district to work for the election of the approved candidates for national, state and city offices. It remains to be seen what political policy will issue from this initial national campaign of organized labor, and what its effect upon the rank and file will be. The marked success or failure of the labor vote will deeply affect the spirit of the workingmen voters and also the policy of their leaders. It may turn them either toward the more neutral position between the parties, whence the balance of power may be directed and wielded by advisory influence; or it may impel them toward the formation of a separate labor party, to gain the solidity given by organization and discipline, and the machinery to put candidates of its own in the field, when endorsements of others do not answer a better purpose.

Perhaps the most significant emphasis laid during the year upon the non-political industrial policy was the prominence given by the National Civic Federation to its trade agreement department by the appointment of John Mitchell to have personal charge of its work and by securing his acceptance of the position. The decision thus reached by the influential representatives of organized labor and employing capital who constitute the federation is of special interest on two accounts. Its avowed purpose is to promote industrial peace through collective bargaining. And, in basing its efforts to this end upon the trade agreement, the organization of employes is presupposed and therefore assented to.

The progress of the Women's Trade Union Leagues, under the presidency of Mrs. Raymond Robins, has been marked not only by solidifying the membership and developing its self-direction, but also by identifying with it the movement for woman suffrage among working women. A "political primer club" was organized in the Chicago league to study politics and civil government, the primary and election laws.

The approach of the churches toward exerting direct influence in the industrial sphere has been decided and determined. Some of the most imperative demands ever made upon the conscience and loyalty of Christian people to express their faith in terms of economic justice and industrial relationships have appeared during the year. Books by scholars have made the most incisive application of Christian ethics to property and labor. Voluntary associations for the promotion of social consciousness and action within the churches have developed denominational organizations with the same purpose. The department of The Church and Labor in the Presbyterian Church is now as officially recognized, manned and supported as its long established Boards of Home and Foreign Missions. The National Council of the Congregational Churches has added an Industrial Committee to its regular executive agencies, as have several of its state associations. Not only is an active propaganda prosecuted through these agencies by literature, addresses, discussions and resolutions, but fraternal delegates are appointed to represent the churches in local labor assemblies, chambers of

commerce and other industrial bodies. While at a few centers these delegates have been denied official recognition by labor unions, the approach of the churches has generally been welcomed by them wherever it has been manfully and tactfully made. The Methodist Federation of Social Service has also been organized and was given a place on the program at the recent Quadrennial General Conference in Baltimore.

Perhaps the most surprisingly advanced position in this direction was taken by the bishops of the Church of England in their encyclical issued from their conference at Lambeth Palace last month, in which no less than two hundred and forty-three of them participated. It impressed upon churchmen that property is a trust held for the benefit of the community, for which they have a moral responsibility, first for the character and general social effect of any business in which their money is invested, second for the treatment of employes, third for the observance of laws relating thereto, and fourth for the payment of just wages. To these ends the bishops affirmed that the social mission and the social principles of Christianity should be given more prominence in the teachings of the church, and they called upon the church to recognize the ideals of brotherhood underlying the democratic, and even socialistic, movements and "to show them sympathy in so far as they strive to procure for all just treatment and a real opportunity to live true human lives."

With the comprehensiveness and benignity of an apostolic benediction, which lifts the veil upon a better year yet to dawn, they declare: "All races and peoples, whatever their language and conditions, must be welded into one body, and the organization of different races, living side by side, into separate or independent churches on the basis of race or color, is inconsistent with the vital and essential principles of the unity of Christ's churches."—*Graham Taylor, in Charities of Sept. 5, 1908.*

Easter and the Lily

Once upon a time (the sweet, sunny, summery springtime of a southern garden), the long green leaves of a lily pushed up from her vigorous bulb, and after many days there appeared in the heart of the leaves a delicate bud. Longer of stem and whiter this bud grew, day after day, until, in the dim summer twilight, it swayed through the gloaming—so distinct in its purity that it seemed fairly luminous—like the frozen bud of a star. A "blind bud," the florist would have called it, unaware that it was the soul of the lily, being brought to its blossoming.

Waiting, expectant—ready to unfold, yet powerless to do so—through her translucent petals the lily began to catch glimmerings of the glitter of fire-flies and glow worms around her, and of the stars growing larger and brighter in the growing wonder of the night.

Suddenly a great light blazed down upon her. Eagerly turning she heard the hum of bugs and beetles. Some of them dropped, burned and dead, around her. The dust of the highway fell on her, and she shrank and shriveled. Still she held her face toward that which seemed her only hope for a fuller development, until suddenly, as it had come, the light vanished. In the utter darkness which followed, the lily felt a chilly breeze sweeping over the garden, with a promise of blighting and early decay.

And the electric light was Ambition.

For awhile it seemed as though the stars had vanished, too, but when she had recovered from the effects of the glare, the lily could see that they were shining, each in its own place, as steadfastly calm as ever; and she was thankfully peering up in their direction, when lo! what silvery radiance touches the sleeping tree tops and lightens the gloom of the garden below? How softly brighter the world becomes! A new world! A fairyland!

Forgotten, the dimmed stars. Gone, the lights and the fireflies. Instinctively the lily reached toward the growing effulgence, and when, at length, the moonlight fell on her, each snowy petal slightly stirred and straightened, and the thrill of her heart sent a sweet perfume out into the night.

Poor lily. Poor moon. How was one to know that it was only a reflected light? Some moons rise late, some set early, in the nature of things. This is not the fault of the moon; rather of the position which it then occupies with relation to the light-giving center of the solar system and ourselves. There are moons which so clearly show the splendor of their source of illumination that to have felt the influence of one of them is to have obtained an inspiration. There are rainy moons—this was such an one.

As the clouds drifted across the moon's face the lily gasped for breath. How can that one live in the brightest starlight who has been brought to unfolding in the enchantment of the world? The storm thickened; numbly she reached up into the darkness, and only darkness answered. Hers that greatest agony of body or soul—arrested development. The howling winds blew cutting raindrops into and against her. Thunders and lightnings crashed and tore.

In the after-calm the stars looked down on an odorless, half-opened lily; supine, sodden, seemingly lifeless, prone upon her leaves, and even caught beneath their stubborn strength.

And the moon was a Human Love.

A gray light stole into the darkness; unconsciously the lily was soothed. A brightness crept into the cold gray; most naturally the lily was strengthened until her petals opened sufficiently to show her, through the raindrops which filled her cup, one glowing solitary star, silvery in a reddening east.

Now the lily found use for every atom of her strength, as, exerting it all to keep the star constantly in sight while feeling its quiet radiance sink down through her heart to the finest filament of her rootlets, she slowly, but certainly, slipped from under the leveling leaves toward that heavenly hope hung high in a growing glory.

Free! In the flushing rose of dawn enveloped, bathed, her slim stem slowly straightened. And when at last the Sun of life arose on her horizon, back, with the grace of nature, curved the ivory petals to receive him, and the throbbing of her heart sent waves of perfume—a continual homage to his glory.

Above, around, a great life drew her forward; above, around, a great love blessed her coming.

And the soul of the lily was born.

Seeing, she knows that the electric light is but the lighting of Sorrow chained for the more convenient use of man. The stars appeal to her as powers that are. She appreciates the wonderful beauty of the moonlight, knowing of what it is the most exquisite reflection; and the perfume of her life goes out to all of them—not as they have power to draw, but as God has given her power to give.

"If ye faint not."

Chicago, Ill. MARIA ELOISE WING.

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DEPARTMENT EDITORS...CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles R. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, R. A. White, Charles Zeublin

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE WEARING OF THE TWEED.—Last week I gave you material for a story; here is a theme for ballad or song. Who shall write us the ballads of South Africa as Kipling has those of the Far East? In Miss Hobhouse's thirty-third letter she writes:

"Did I tell you that on my way back here (Pretoria) I went to Worcester for a week, a town which is famous for its raisins, its beauty and its blind institute? There I found a man blind from babyhood, one Peter Kruger; he said he had been to Bloemfontein to see my school and was able to talk intelligently of all the work and looms he had touched there. He was hoping the blind could be taught. He had recently been to England *quite alone*, to attend the Blind Congress at Edinburgh. Then he went to Manchester and set himself to learn Harrison's knitting machines, brought one home and is now teaching the blind to work it. He wound up his tale with: 'Oh, I *do* love those machines!' As we had one or two left idle, I offered them to him for the blind, which turned him upside down with joy. Isn't it all wonderful? I saw him work it.

"When I got to Bloemfontein I found the spinning school in full swing. Milroy met me there, on his way down from the Transvaal, and we worked together in that fast-growing school. Some of the pupils had known me in the camp seven years ago in those old war days.

"Hertzog, the minister, came and spent a lone evening with me. He is most interesting and full of ideas. The result of my talk is that the government at once took over our premises at Philippolis, besides authorizing immediate help to each of the schools in the Orange State. Moreover, there is another result: a Hertzog is dressed in a tweed suit. He and his colleagues have given me a nice building in Bloemfontein for a central depot for all our goods. It looks very promising.

"My friends and I spent the week chasing De Wet, who, it is well known, is as difficult to find in peace as in war. Now and then we caught him on the telephone, only to lose him again by a subsequent message; but he came to the station to see me off, friendly and cordial as ever.

"By the time I got back to Pretoria, two months had elapsed and the work here had been passing through various phases. Mrs. Goetzsche is lasting to the end of the term, but obviously with great effort. Her state of health is a serious matter. Nearly all the day workers spinning in the school can now spin 1 lb. per day of 8 hours. The whole establishment was busy weaving the orders from Capetown.

"Our new industries are progressing favorably; the basket making under Miss Herd is succeeding well; we not only make, but mend for laundries, firms, fruiterers, postoffices, and so on, where baskets are used. I found, too, marked improvement in Miss Herd's leather pupils. But she was much disappointed about her 'feather girl.' We began by only one to experiment and after a month's patient teaching she began to do very well and succeed with the best feathers. Then suddenly she vanished into thin air and cannot be traced. Evidently she thought she knew it well enough to practice the trade on her own account. We are looking out for some more suitable girl.

"General Smeets is wearing his suit made of our very own tweed, but he says he feels like a female ostrich in it. The men here are too funny, they have never worn tweed and cannot somehow feel at home in it. In reality they all look extremely handsome in it, which I go about telling them all day long, and I know it is comfortable because I wear it myself, but they insist it scratches the skin! So it is worn in the Transvaal as a patriotic duty, with a very bad grace, far different from the Cape, where even the editor of the Cape Times walks proudly about preening himself and saying: 'I am dressed in Boer tweed.'

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